

BRILLIANT EXPLOIT IN THE DARDANELLES OF BRITAIN'S B 11

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,477.

Registered as the G.P.O.  
Newspaper.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1914

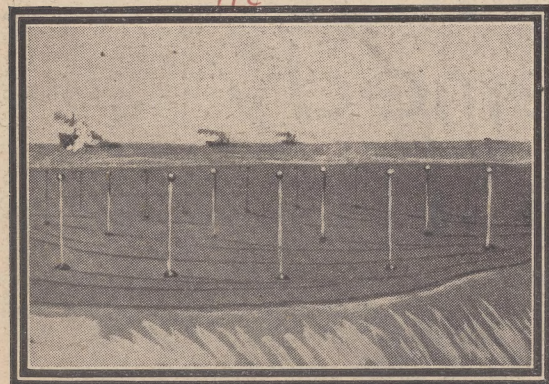
16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

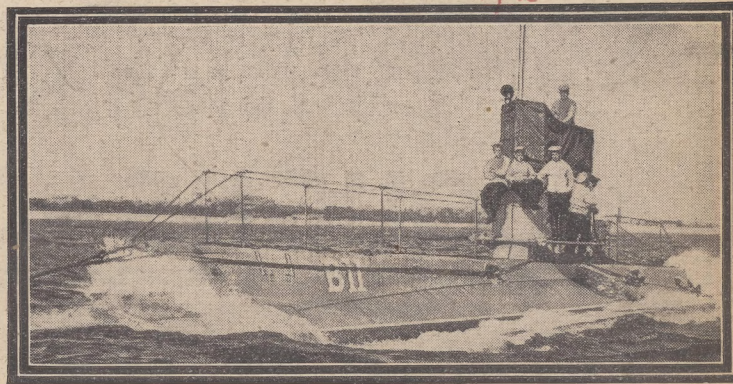
DARING THE DARDANELLES: BRITISH SUBMARINE B11 DIVES UNDER FIVE ROWS OF MINES AND TORPEDOES TURKISH BATTLESHIP.



The Turkish battleship Messudiyeh, which was sunk by the British submarine B11.



The B11 dived under a minefield like this.



The British submarine B11 which sank the Messudiyeh.

One of the most brilliant British naval exploits of the war at sea was chronicled by the Admiralty yesterday. On Sunday the British submarine B11, Lieutenant-Commander Norman D. Holbrook, R.N., entered the Dardanelles, and, in spite of the difficult current, dived under five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish battleship Mes-

sudiyeh, which was guarding the minefield. Although pursued by gunfire and torpedo-boats, B11 returned safely, after being submerged on one occasion for nine hours. When last seen, the Turkish battleship was sinking by the stern. To dare the Dardanelles and dash past the minefields was a splendid and heroic feat.



# GAMAGES

USEFUL GIFTS WILL BE MOST ACCEPTABLE THIS CHRISTMAS

175 dozen Ladies' Ribbed Hose. Cashmere finish. Exceptional value. Price (per pair) 7 3/4d. 3 pairs for 19s. Recommended for hard wear.



**Marvelous Offer**  
140 Sets Smoie Foxaline (similar style to sketch). The Tie is 68 ins. long and 5 ins. wide. Handsome Pillow Muff to match. 12 ins. wide by 10 ins. deep, well lined. Our Price Set 10/9 Usually 18/9

Pure Irish Linen Damask Table Cloths



At less than makers' actual cost price. Design—Greek key border with Spot centre. Size—2 x 2 yds. 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 3 x 2 7/3 8/10 10/9

Dinner Serviettes to match, 20 x 20 in. Thoroughly recommended. 6 for No. 8708—Fancy Box, Cream Imitation Morocco, with coloured photos of pretty women, containing six Hemst'd Ladies' Handkerchiefs. 1/11

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

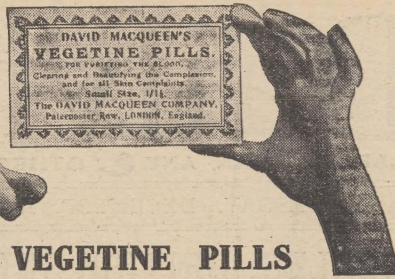
## TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE COFFEE



'Camp' is unspoilable. Even a little child cannot fail to make this delicious and refreshing beverage to perfection. Only boiling water, a teaspoonful of

**'CAMP' COFFEE**

Sugar and milk to taste—nothing else. Makers—R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.



## VEGETINE PILLS WILL GET RID OF YOUR SKIN COMPLAINTS

SEND FOR THE FREE BOXES

Do you suffer from any kind of Skin Complaint?

Have you a bad complexion?

If so, this remarkable offer is made to you. We will send you absolutely free a sample box of Vegetine Pills and a tablet of Vegetine Soap. Write now to the proprietors, mention this paper, and enclose two penny stamps.

Remember if your complexion is bad it means that you are suffering from a skin complaint. If neglected, it will become worse and worse. You will be disfigured. Take it in time. Be cured NOW so that you need never trouble about it any more.

Vegetine Pills are a certain and absolutely safe cure for pimples, blotches, eczema, spots, acne, blackheads, boils, and all other disfiguring skin troubles. They are absolutely safe to take and do not contain poison or any harmful drugs.

TEST A 1s. 1 1/2d. BOX FREE OF CHARGE.

So confident are the Proprietors that they will send you a Free Sample Box, or you can avail yourself of the following liberal offer: Purchase a box of Vegetine Pills. Take the usual dose for four days.

If you then see no improvement in your complexion, or

feel no benefit in your general health, your money will be refunded to you in full, without any deduction whatever. The only condition made is that you return the unused Pills within 6 days of purchase.

BE CAREFUL ABOUT SOAP.

To reap the full benefit of the Vegetine treatment you should use the right kind of soap.

Vegetine Soap is the best for you because, while it is specially made for delicate and sensitive skins, it assists the pills in their work of purifying the skin. Therefore, while taking Vegetine Pills you should use only Vegetine Soap.

A SUGGESTION.

Buy a box of Vegetine Pills TO-DAY from your local chemist. Follow the directions, and in three days you will notice an improvement.

And in a very short time you will have an absolutely perfect skin.

Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., and the Soap at 9d. per tablet; or direct, post free.

SAMPLES FREE.

A free sample box of Pills and a tablet of Soap will be sent by the proprietors, the David MacQueen Co., Paternoster Row, London, E.C., if you mention this paper and enclose two penny stamps.



At all Chemists, 1/12, 2/9 and 4/6.

## REAL GOLD SHELL CAMEO RING.



Having purchased considerably below cost a Manufacturer's stock of Cameo Rings, we are able to make this astounding offer. These Handsome Rings are exquisitely designed with beautifully cut Cameo, at the present time in the height of fashion and worn by both Ladies and Gentlemen. In fact, several leaders of Society have great faith in the Cameo Ring for its luck-bringing propensities. We will send this fine securely packed and post paid immediately upon receipt of P.O. One Shilling.

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FURTHER TO PAY. We guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not entirely satisfied. Do not miss this exceptional opportunity. Send 1s. to-day (with finger stick). You will be astonished.

W. R. LOYD & CO. (D.M. Dept.), 22, CORNWALLIS ROAD, LONDON, N.



IN ANY CONDITION. HAVE YOU GOT ANY?

I will pay 6d. for each tooth pinned on vulcanite, 2s. each on silver, 3s. each on gold, 8s. each on platinum. Cash immediately. Satisfaction guaranteed, or teeth returned promptly. Do not be misled by higher advertised prices. Far better write for my Free Booklet, which explains very clearly the value of any False Teeth. Bankers: London and Midland, Ltd. (Estab. 1873). E. LEWIS, 25, London Rd. (138a), Southport, Lancs.

# DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON-LONDON-W

Presents for our Fighting Men.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.



MR2—The Latest Novelty: Pipe or Cigarette Lighter. Will light in any weather; no petrol required. 1/6 each.



MR3—Knitted Woolen Gloves, principally large sizes. In dark heather mixture. 1/8. Warm Knitted Mitts, full length and regulation shape. Khaki or Navy. 1/3 pair.



MR4—Khaki Cotton Handkerchiefs, full size. Extra soft finish. 2/11 doz.



MR5—Useful Winter Helmets, made of thick fleece plush, with warm lining. Khaki only. 2s. 23s. doz.



Warm Knitted Washable Cardigans for wearing under uniform. Navy, Maroon, Grey, Brown. 4/9. 23s. doz. MR6—Warm Knitted Sweaters (to slip over head, no buttons). Grey only. 3/9. 14s. doz.

Turn to Page 10—there is an important message regarding MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

# OWBRIDGE'S LUNG TONIC

the British Remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

W.T.OWBRIDGE LTD HULL, ENGLAND

# Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY THIS ECONOMICAL FOOD.



## THE TSAR AT THE FRONT.

P. 150



The Tsar of Russia, or "The Little Father," as the Russian soldiers love to call him, is seen here with his troops at the front. They all seem in high spirits.

## A PRETTY MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

P. 231 B



This is little John Jacob Astor, the young son of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor who lost his life in the Titanic disaster, when returning from his honeymoon with his young bride. The little millionaire loves nothing so much as the open air.

## AUSTRIAN PRISONERS RESCUE "DAILY MIRROR" CAR.

P. 11903 H



The *Daily Mirror* motor-car which is attached to the Russian Army operating in Poland recently sank into the mud of one of the Polish marshes. At the time a large batch of Austrian prisoners of war captured by the victorious Russians were being marched under guard in the vicinity. The Russians detached a number of Austrian soldiers to extricate the *Daily Mirror* car, and in this enterprise the Austrians were successful. They worked hard and with good humour under the instructions of our photographer. They told their captors that they were glad to be taken prisoners.

## QUITE ALIVE.

P. 16777



Corporal Jones, of the 5th Lancers, was officially reported killed. At present he is alive and well in Dublin.

## CYCLE WEDDING.

P. 16777



This was a military motorcycle wedding. The bridegroom was F. Hardie, of the 1st Co. Sportsman's Battalion.







# B11 DARES DEATH IN DARDANELLES AND SINKS TURKISH BATTLESHIP

## Submarine's Dive Under Five Rows of Mines to Reach Foe.

## SUBMERGED NINE HOURS IN ESCAPING.

## Messudiyeh Torpedoed and Seen by British Crew To Be Sinking by Stern.

## TWO BRITISH AIRMEN RESCUED IN NORTH SEA.

Even five rows of mines are not enough to protect enemy battleships from British submarine attacks.

By an exploit of extraordinary daring coupled with great skill, Lieutenant-Commander Norman D. Holbrook, it is announced by the Admiralty, has taken the submarine B11 into the Dardanelles and has torpedoed the Turkish battleship Messudiyeh.

This gallant deed, which for superb coolness and judgment equals the finest exploits in the war, was accomplished, in the official words, "in spite of difficult currents."

The B11 dived under five rows of mines to get within striking distance, and after firing her torpedo saw the Messudiyeh sinking by the stern.

Although she was pursued by gunfire and torpedo-boats, the B11 succeeded in returning to safety.

She only managed to evade the foe by being submerged on one occasion for nine hours.

The reference in the Admiralty message to the strong current is explained by the fact that, owing to the narrowness of the channel, a powerful current sets through the strait.

Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook, son of Colonel Arthur Holbrook, belongs to a fighting family.

He has no fewer than four brothers who are serving with the colours.

## B11 DIVES UNDER FIVE ROWS OF MINES.

## Pursuing Torpedo-Boats Evaded After Battleship Is Hit.

The announcement of the B11's daring feat was made yesterday by the Secretary to the Admiralty as follows:

Yesterday Submarine B11 (Lieutenant-Commander Norman D. Holbrook, R.N.) entered the Dardanelles, and, in spite of the difficulty of the current, dived under five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish battleship Messudiyeh, which was guarding the mine-field.

Although pursued by gun-fire and torpedo-boats, B11 returned safely, after being submerged on one occasion for nine hours.

When last seen the Messudiyeh was sinking by the stern.

## HERO OF DARDANELLES.

Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook is the son of a well-known newspaper proprietor at Portsmouth, Colonel Arthur Holbrook.

Colonel Holbrook has five sons now serving in His Majesty's forces, one of them being staff officer at the War Office, while another is gunnery officer of the cruiser Devonshire.

Since the outbreak of the war the colonel himself, who is a retired Territorial officer, has been attached to the Army Service Corps at Bulford.

### THE B CLASS.

The submarines of the B class are almost the oldest in the British Navy.

They were built in 1905. Their dimensions etc., are:—

Length, feet .....	135
Beam, feet .....	12½
Displacement, tons .....	303
Engines, horse-power .....	600
Speed on surface, knots .....	13
Speed under water, knots .....	9

The later submarines are much larger, the E class having 800 tons displacement.

### METHUSELAN OF TURKISH FLEET.

The Messudiyeh was one of the oldest vessels in the Turkish Fleet.

She was built on the Thames in 1876, but was reconstructed at Genoa in 1902. Her reputed speed was sixteen knots, and she carried a crew of 600.

Old as the Messudiyeh was, she was not the oldest ship in the Turkish Navy.

This doubtful distinction goes to the coast

battleship Muin-i-Zaffer, a vessel of 2,400 tons, which was built in 1869. The Messudiyeh's armament included two 9.2in. and twelve 6in. guns.

## TURKEY'S FLEET.

The Turkish Navy consisted of the following effective vessels:—

Battleships .....	4
Smaller old battleships .....	2
Protected cruisers .....	4
Torpedo-gunboats .....	8
Destroyers .....	9
Torpedo-boats .....	10

To the foregoing figures must be added the Goeben, the German-built battle cruiser, and the Breslau, the small German cruiser.

These, it will be remembered, fled from a British Mediterranean squadron in the early days of the war to the Dardanelles and were "sold" to the Turks.

It is only a few days ago that the Goeben was reported to have been severely damaged in an engagement in the Black Sea. A year or two ago Turkey decided to strengthen her navy, and at the outbreak of war two Dreadnoughts were being built for her in Great Britain.

These were both seized by the British Admiralty.

## TWO TORPEDO-BOATS SUNK

ROME, Dec. 14.—The Trieste correspondent of the *Messaggero* telegraphs that two Austrian torpedo-boats struck mines in the Fasana Canal and sank. Further details are withheld.—Central News.

## AIRMEN PICKED UP AT SEA

FLUSHING, Dec. 14.—The mail steamer Oranje Nassau has picked up two airmen in the North Sea.

The airmen, an officer and a mechanic, are British, and the machine, which is described both as an aeroplane and a seaplane, was sighted on the water between the Kentish Knock and Galloper Lightships by the lookout of the Oranje Nassau.

The steamer approached and lowered a boat, but the officer at first declined to leave the machine, fearing that he might be interned in Holland.

Finally he and the mechanic agreed to go on board, and the machine, the engine of which had broken down, was abandoned.

Both the officer and the mechanic will return to England as soon as possible.—Reuter.

### BRITISH PILOT INTERRED.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 14.—A British aeroplane came down near Breskens, opposite Flushing, on the other side of the Scheldt, this afternoon. The airman, who had a bomb with him, will be interned.—Reuter.

BORDEAUX, Dec. 14.—A French airman to-day set on fire a German train at the station of Pagny-sur-Moselle.—Reuter.

## EMPEROR'S NEPHEW DEAD

BOULOGNE, Dec. 12.—A French Red Cross nurse who has returned through the German lines from Marbenge says that the Germans have treated the inhabitants of the captured fortress well.

This is partly due to the fact that the French Red Cross hospital received as a patient the young Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, the Emperor's nephew.

The Prince was brought to the hospital in a state of coma with a fractured skull, and died three days afterwards.—Reuter's Special.

## SERBIAN TROOPS RE-ENTER BELGRADE.

Plucky Little Nation's New Success After Desperate Battle Outside Capital.

Austria's occupation of Belgrade has indeed been shortlived.

A yesterday's Reuter message from Nish says:—

The Serbian troops, after a desperate battle, have re-entered Belgrade.

Plucky little Serbia has indeed accomplished some wonderful work during the past few days, and all yesterday's messages bear striking testimony to the force of the blow she has struck at the Austrian invader.

### SERBIA'S 40,000 PRISONERS.

ROME, Dec. 14.—The Serbian Legation issues a communiqué stating that the offensive of the Serbian troops was successfully continued on Saturday and yesterday.

The Austrians refused engagements and fled, abandoning arms, ammunition, guns and horses.

The Serbians are now in possession of enormous booty and 40,000 prisoners.

The resistance of the Austrians at Belgrade has been broken, and the enemy is alleged to be demoralised.

The Serbian troops are once more passing the frontier.—Central News.

[The frontier mentioned is no doubt that of Bosnia.]

### AUSTRIAN ADMISSION.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 14.—The Austrians admit that they sustained a heavy defeat at the hands of the Serbians in the following official communiqué from Vienna, which is published to-day:—

Our offensive movement, directed in a south-easterly direction from the River Drina, encountered, south-east of Valjevo, greatly superior enemy.

Our advance had not in the least been stopped, but we were compelled also to carry out more extended retreats of our troops, which for many weeks fought obstinately and brilliantly, but with heavy losses.

Against this fact we may set off the occupation of Belgrade.

New steps will consequently be taken in order to repel the enemy.—Reuter.

### GERMAN RETREAT.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 14.—To-day's report from the General Staff of the Commander-in-Chief is as follows:—

Yesterday there was no fighting of importance on any of the fronts.

In the direction of Mlava we continued to drive back the retreating German troops.

On the left bank of the Vistula there is no change.

In the region of the Ducekla Passes Austrian columns are descending the northern slopes of the Carpathians.—Reuter.

[Mlava is in Russian Poland, near the Prussian frontier.]

## OPERATION ON KAISER.

BERNE, Dec. 14.—A telegram from Munich published here states that it has been decided to perform an operation on the Kaiser's throat.

The operation, however, is being delayed owing to the feverish condition of the patient.

It is confirmed that the Crown Prince has been recalled to Berlin.—Central News.

PARIS, Dec. 14.—According to the *Temps* Copenhagen correspondent, the Kaiser, although his condition is serious, vowed that he would quit his bed and proceed to the western battlefield in a few days, despite the supplications of the Kaiserin and the advice of his doctors.—Exchange.

P. 15865



Lieutenant-Commander Norman Holbrook, the gallant commander of the B11, comes of a fighting family. He has no fewer than four brothers serving with the colours, while his father, Colonel Arthur Holbrook, is attached to the Army Service Corps. The photograph is of Colonel Holbrook and two of his sons—Lieut-Commander L. S. Holbrook (on left) and Captain A. E. Holbrook.—(Russell.)

## FOE SWEEPED BACK BY ALLIES' ATTACKS.

Line of Trenches Stormed and Captured and Important Post Destroyed.

## STRUGGLE FOR ALSACE.

Splendid progress was reported yesterday by the Allies, whose brilliant attacks won a series of successes.

The spirit of the troops barring the roads to Paris and Calais is shown by the fact that when the trenches north-west of Souper were violently stormed, a fierce counter-attack was made. The onslaught of the Allies was deadly, and the German trenches suffered badly.

A still greater success was obtained in the Woivre region, where a line of German trenches extending to over 500 yards was stormed and captured.

## ADVANCE ALONG CANAL.

PARIS, Dec. 14.—The following official communiqué was issued here to-night:—

In Belgium some French attacks have resulted in progress along the Ypres Canal and to the west of Hollebeke.

Several violent counter-attacks have all been repulsed by our troops.

The railway station of Commercy was bombarded yesterday by batteries firing at very long ranges. The damage was insignificant.

In Alsace a return offensive of the enemy to the north-west of Comay was repulsed.

On the rest of the front there is nothing to report.—Central News.

### GERMANS IN DISORDER.

PARIS, Dec. 14.—The following official communiqué was issued at 3 p.m. to-day:—

There is nothing important to report between the sea and the Oise.

In the region of the Aisne, north-west of Souper, the enemy violently bombarded our trenches. We replied, throwing their trenches into disorder.

There has been no infantry attack on either side.

Our artillery destroyed an important work on the outskirts of Ailles.

In the Argonne, in Bois de la Grurie, we have made slight progress by means of mines.

### CANNON MOVED.

There have been no attacks by the enemy on the heights of the Meuse. The violent cannonade of the enemies' batteries seems to have been moved further north.

In the Woivre, after carrying a line of trenches over a front of 500 yards in the Montmarie Wood, our troops repulsed two violent counter attacks.

In Alsace our progress has brought our front as far as the line of hill 425 yards north of Steinbach, the bridge of Aspach and the bridge of Rinnghoffen, 1,500 yards east of Eglingen.—Reuter.

## FLAMING MISSILES TO WRECK ZEPPELINS.

Airman's Invention Which He Claims Would Destroy Invading Fleet.

PARIS, Dec. 14.—There is now some reason for hoping that Great Britain need fear very little from Zeppelin raids.

Should German aircraft approach Britain it will be to court instant destruction at the hands of airmen armed with a weapon which will constitute yet another revolution in modern warfare.

It may be said that the new weapon is the invention of a young French airman whom it is necessary for the moment to call merely Gaston.

He is very well known at Hendon, where for some time his flights were a feature. His invention consists of a projectile weighing only a few ounces, to be carried by the pilot or the observer of an aeroplane.

It is claimed that the moment a Zeppelin is struck by one of these projectiles the airship will burst into flame.

As many as 2,000 of these missiles can be carried in an aeroplane, and Zeppelin raiders attacked by these projectiles would probably have little success.

In a conversation I had with him last night the inventor said: "I shall be placing my invention before the British and French Governments in a few days."

"I have made a large number of experiments, and I am certain that its success is assured."

"The moment one of my projectiles strikes an aircraft of any description its destruction is absolutely certain, and two airmen flying high could in a few minutes destroy a fleet of over twelve Zeppelins."

"I make this claim for my invention—that within an hour after a hostile aircraft has been sighted over British or French territory nothing will be left of it but a burnt wreck."—Central News.



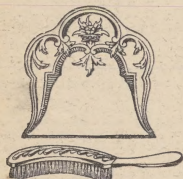
# Practical Sensible Gifts.

In Boots The Chemists Gift Departments will be found a great choice of Gifts—thousands of artistic and really useful articles. The variety combines beauty, utility—and in every department extreme value is given. All our gifts have been chosen with great discrimination to meet the present need—economy.

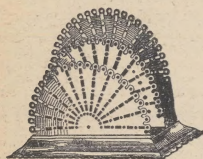


1044  
Gilt Photo Frames.

Postcard size.....10½d.  
Cabinet.....1/-  
Imperial.....1/11



1002  
Bronze Brass Crumb Set.....3/6



1017  
Polished Brass Letter Rack 1/11



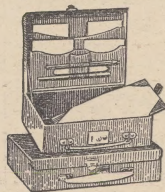
1011  
The "Pirate"  
Alarm Clock  
2/11



1013  
The "Rouser"  
Long Alarm  
Clock.....7/6



2013  
Electro-plated Eau-de-Cologne  
Slip .....2/6



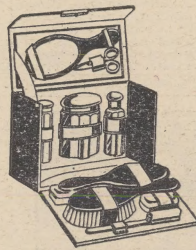
1035  
Special Value fitted Cloth  
Attache Cases, assorted colours  
2/11, 3/11  
Better qualities in leather  
5/11 to 42/-



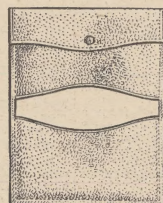
1025  
New Note Case, in morocco, 6d.  
In pig skin.....1/-  
In velvet calf .....1/6



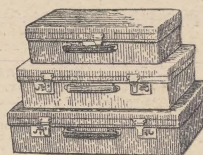
1052  
The Great War Press Cuttings,  
with Scrap Book and Pockets  
for Maps.....1/-



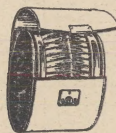
1016  
Dressing Case, fitted for either  
lady or gentleman .....21/-



1024  
Morocco Leather Case, with bank  
note pocket .....2/11



1036  
Brown and green cloth Attache  
Cases.....2/11, 3/6, 3/11



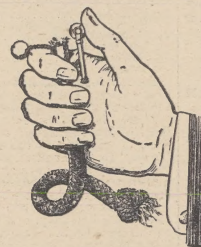
2  
Gent's Solid Leather Brush Case  
fitted ebony or satinwood mili-  
tary brushes.....10/6  
Other qualities from 4/11 to 42/-



1050  
Morocco Pocket Book, with  
special pocket for new bank  
notes .....4/6



1012  
Empty Hide Attache Case, in  
three sizes.....7/6, 8/11, 10/6  
Better quality selected hide,  
12/6, 15/6, 18/6



**Boots**  
**Matchless Tinder Lighter**  
Indispensable—Handy—Safe—Quick  
AND IT WORKS!

Requires no Petrol—nothing but a turn  
of the wheel. Lights Cigar, Cigarette  
or Pipe in a second.

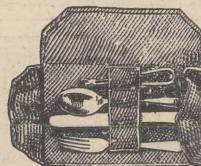
10½d. or larger size 1/3



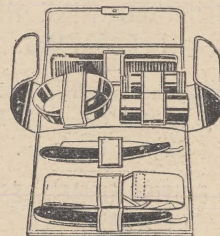
1020  
Electric Pocket Lamp, London  
made, best quality.....2/6  
Recharges for ditto 6d. each.



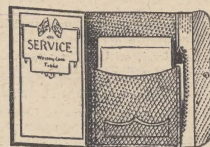
1027  
The Service Roll-up Gent's  
Hussif in khaki, fitted as  
illustrated .....1/-  
Other qualities, 6d. to 10/6



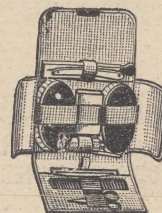
1023  
The Soldiers' "Holdall," fitted  
as illustrated.....2/9  
Special value in khaki.



1  
Gent's Solid Leather Shaving  
Case, fitted as illustrated 12/6  
Better qualities,  
17/6, 21/-, 28/6, 42/-



1022  
The Service Writing Pad,  
in leather .....1/6  
Cheaper quality in Morocco  
cloth.....1/-



1039  
Gent's Solid Hide Dressing  
Roll, fitted as illustrated, with  
two good military brushes  
10/6



Boots Popular Vacuum Flasks,  
3/3, 4/6, 4/9, 6/6, 6/9, 8/9  
Autotherm. Thermos, and  
other leading makes always in  
stock.

Orders above 10/- are sent  
carriage paid in Great  
Britain.  
With orders under 10/- an  
extra sum of 3d. should be  
enclosed to cover carriage.

**ILLUSTRATED LISTS.**  
No. 1.—Everything in Toilet Requi-  
sites.  
No. 2.—Everything in Leather and  
Fancy Goods.  
No. 3.—Everything in Silver and  
Electro Plate.  
Now ready. These will be sent post  
free to any address. Send a postcard  
now to—  
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# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1914.

## SUBMARINE B 11.

THE GERMANS have undertaken the delicate task of introducing the Turkish Government to the benefits of Western "civilisation," and it is at once comic and pathetic to see the pupil endeavouring to live up to the lesson of the master, in regard to such matters as railways and war.

Turkey has to follow. Occasionally, as her way is, she manifests doubt. She is at once reassured by such Near-Eastern experts as Pasha von der Goltz. She is told to fear not, but to go straight forward on German gold and with German gunpowder. Particularly, Pasha von der Goltz will inform her that she need fear nothing from the British Navy. It is (he will say) fully occupied elsewhere, and of little use, besides, there where it is occupied. Let the Turkish battleships fearlessly float over their free waters.

So it happened, with certain hesitations, for a month or two; but now, close upon the Pasha's reassurances, comes the torpedoing of a Turkish battleship by a British submarine. Yesterday's news of this result, achieved by the daring of Lieutenant-Commander N. D. Holbrook and his men, is likely further to stifle the enthusiasm of the Turkish Government: we must continue to speak of that corporate imbecility, since the poor Turk has little to say in such affairs. Yesterday's news is big news, of great encouragement to us. It will do much to renew the Ottoman-official habit of retreating and repenting when it's too late. Soon, very soon, the "useless" British Navy—fully occupied elsewhere—will add Turkey to the growing list of those repentant Powers that joined last summer's conspiracy, in hopes that the war provoked by it would soon be over and would be of great and immediate advantage to themselves.

Austria conspired and joined—then, as the evidence shows, grumbled and grew nervous; found it too late to draw back; had to go on to the end. The selfish Magyar aristocracy would have liked a flutter for Hungary. Now they also see, and are beginning to declare, that the whole thing is more than they expected. One by one, these "loyal helpers" begin to wish they had not helped Germany so uncritically.

One by one these feel it. But what about Germany herself? Does she not daily display the same sort of repentance when she claims, through her publicists and propagandists, that she didn't really mean it after all, and that it was all our fault because we refused to let her take all she wanted?

She didn't want much. Only half France, all Belgium, parts of Russia, control of the sea, a few colonies, and the leadership of Europe. That was all she wanted. Surely, seeing how meagre her demands, you can see also that the war must be the fault of those Powers who prevented her from getting other people's property.

No: somehow—out of a long-tested national perversity in resistance—we cannot see it. Painful evidence of our refusal to see it comes now frequently from the seas—comes every day indeed in our control of them. The last piece of evidence in this direction is supplied by Submarine B 11—for whom three cheers this morning from all Europe except the centre and Near-East.

W. M.

## IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 14.—Most gardens have a shrubbery, but it is often in a very untidy and unhealthy condition. Trees and shrubs are generally planted far too close together, and therefore do not develop into good specimens. At this season all dead and crowded branches should be cut away, but flowering subjects must not be touched with the knife now—the proper time to prune these is directly blossom time is over.

The ground between the trees should be lightly turned over this month, and all leaves buried. Some fresh rich soil placed around unhealthy bushes will do much good. E. F. T.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

**THE CHURCHES AGAINST GERMANY.**  
HAS it occurred to anyone that if the word "Church" is taken in its true sense, "a body governed by three duly ordained orders—Bishops, priests and deacons," all the Churches of the world are now fighting the Germans—e.g., the Russians, the Greek Church; the French, the Roman Church; the English, the Anglican? The three great Churches of the world against the powers of darkness! Lover or Histrory. Lymington, Hants.

## WAR AND PROGRESS.

IN REPLY to Mr. Gould, I should say, from the utilitarian point of view, that the Prussian officer was inferior to the cannibal.

But the point is that the cannibal has disappeared, and it is clear that the result of this

marked by acts of individual barbarism, is yet, taken as a whole, not altogether inhuman.  
W. J. W.

## A GOOD INFLUENCE.

AT the present time one of the influences of the war is an increased courtesy of all classes to one another.

In the omnibuses and tramway-cars I have noticed that a soldier immediately stands up for any woman coming into the vehicle. An old man gets up for a small girl.

But one thing I have noticed that the "pampered boy" of an indulgent mother—even though he is only five or six years of age and could really be nursed in a crowd—is allowed to retain his seat, and also to make himself a nuisance to the whole omnibus by his remarks on the passengers. As an old lady said to me

## THE WILLIES' PRESENTS FOR THE TROOPS



Kaiser and Clown Prince were going to provide the most agreeable Christmas surprises out of Santa Claus's lucky bag for their hard-trooped troops; but the wrong presents had been packed, and the troops would be once more disappointed.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

war will be that the other savage will disappear also. This is a war against war.

Mankind has progressed much in the last 2,000 years, but, remember, mankind is some 200,000 years old. "Have patience. What is 2,000 years to 2,000,000 years, or 2,000,000 years to eternity?"

Man progresses. It is the great law that he should—the dawn is breaking.  
Hadeleigh, Essex. (Prince) JOSEPH CAMILLUS.

I WAS much surprised by the letter, headed "No Progress, in your issue of December 12. Surely we are not seriously asked to believe that there is no difference between an educated, twentieth century man and a cannibal. No difference between the brain of a savage, whose intelligence is little above the instinct of animals, and the brain of a Darwin!

I should like to point out, also, that a soldier killed in war is not murdered, any more than a man who is killed by his opponent in a duel. Modern war, terrible though it certainly is and

the other day in a tramway-car: "The mothers ought to realise that they are influencing the

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of "Big and Little Willies." It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

next generation in training small boys in such bad manners—especially as the older boys are now doing so much for us." H.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Great principles find their proper issue in the faithful performance of little duties.—F. W. Farrer.

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

Points About Christmas in the Home  
This Year of Crisis.

## THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

I TOO think that all sacrifices should be made this Christmas while our soldiers and sailors are suffering so in protecting our country, but why should children be "made to think of the hardships our soldiers and sailors are undergoing and of the homeless Belgian families," as V. Hasler says in his (or her) letter? Why can't we try to make this as happy a Christmas for the children as we have done before, as the horrors of this terrible war will be known to them soon enough, without making them think of it while they are young, when they should be guarded from all sorrow by those who are older and more able to bear it? Teach them to be unselfish by always thinking of others at Christmas and by helping to make up little gifts to give away. Then they will enjoy the delight of trying to give others pleasure.

I feel sure our brave men and women would be the first to wish the little ones every happiness this Christmas and the last to tell them of all the hardships they are undergoing. Let us "grown-ups" make all the sacrifices we possibly can by doing our utmost for the soldiers, sailors and all the children. KITTY HAGGARD.

## SANTA CLAUS DEAD!

I THINK there must be many people who feel as I do about the children's observance of Christmas this year. It has been the delight of many generations to have Christmas trees and hang up stockings on Christmas Eve for Santa Claus to fill, these being customs we have adopted from the Germans. One does not want to disappoint the little ones and deprive them of the delight of their generous midnight visitor; but one has not the heart to arrange for them to follow these customs again, for surely Santa Claus is dead!

Can we not institute a British Festival of New Year, and simply henceforth observe Christmas as a religious festival, as do our Allies the French? And could we not, instead of Santa Claus, have the New Year Spirit which comes out of the clock into every house after the last stroke of midnight on December 31; and might not the children on going to bed on New Year's Eve spread on the floor at the foot of each bed a large handkerchief with a few seeds scattered on it, which the New Year Spirit will turn, by a wave of his wand, into all sorts of delightful things? If the handkerchief had strings or ribbons attached to each corner, then the New Year Spirit could tie them over the pile of gifts, still keeping the handkerchief as the base.

Some such idea as this, carried out on New Year's Day instead of on Christmas Day, would expel from our minds the painful recollection connected with the German-derived celebration of Christmas, and a feeling of hope and cheer would be raised in us by the introduction of the New Year Spirit into our midst with the message he brings. GRANITE.

## MARINERS' SONG.

To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er;  
The wanton water leaps in sport,  
And rattles down the pebbly shore;  
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,  
And unseen Mermaids' pearly song  
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.  
Fling board the sail, dip deep the oar:  
To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! Our wide-wing'd bark  
Shall billow cleave the azure deep,  
And with its shadow, swift and dark,  
Break the carved Triton's azure deep.  
Like mighty eagles soaring light  
O'er antelope on Alpine height,  
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,  
The sails swell full.  
—THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.



# SAYING MASS NEAR YPRES.

9.11910 T



This photograph shows a Belgian priest solemnising Mass in an open field near Ypres. The church had been destroyed by the Germans in their bombardment of Ypres and the surrounding district. Many of the Zouave troops attended Mass with their French comrades.

## INDIAN'S V.C.

9.43 B



This is the V.C. won by Nalik Darwan Sing Negi, of the Garhwal Rifles, for valour in the trenches.

## PRINCESS CYCLES.

T. 123 Y



The little daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians enjoying a bicycle ride in Lord Curzon's park at Hackwood.

# PARIS STARTS THE FASHIO

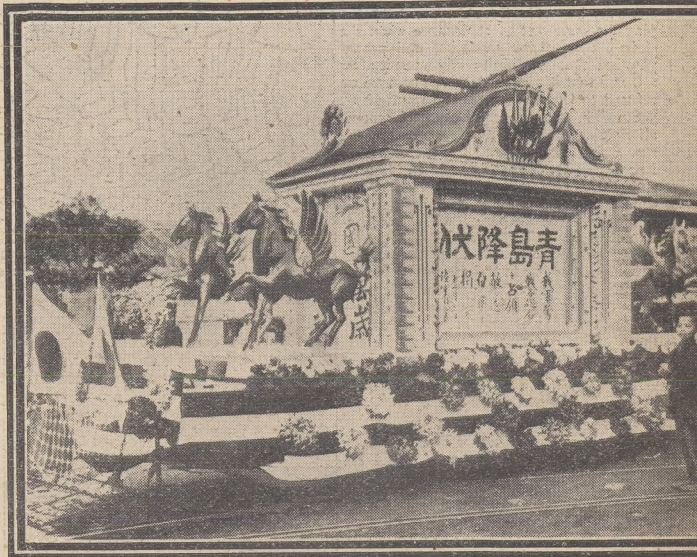


The "General Joffre" hat, designed by Marguerite et Léonie, is made of black glazed straw, and is trimmed with ostrich feathers. It is favoured by officers' wives.

Paris has not been "taken." But Paris is going to take the world.

## JAPAN REJOICES OVER THE

9.12021



A Japanese tramway-car decorated to commemorate Germany's defeat at Tsingtau. The enormous fête organised in Tokio to celebrate the fall of Tsingtau. A general holiday.



# MILITARY MODES IN HATS



The "Alexandra" hat—a creation Lewis—is a modification of the British Guards' cap, made of white straw with a black velvet band. It is decorated with a plume.

new military hats for women. Here are some of the latest modes.

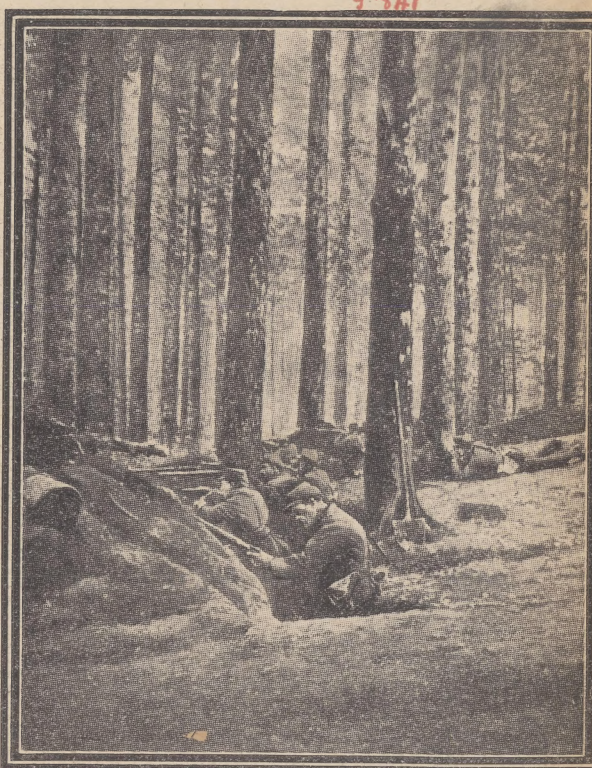
## TSINGTAU FROM GERMANY.



One of the triumphal arches in Tokio on the fête day.

Throughout Japan, and all the towns were decorated with flowers, flags and triumphal arches.

# FRENCH ADVANCE IN ALSACE.



Some of the fiercest fighting in the western theatre of war has taken place in Alsace, where the French armies since the first days of the war have been gradually making their way forward. Fierce fighting marks every yard of progress in the woods of Alsace, where the French entrench themselves after every advance.

## WON THE D.C. MEDAL.



Private Cairns, of the 1st Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), who was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal by the King himself

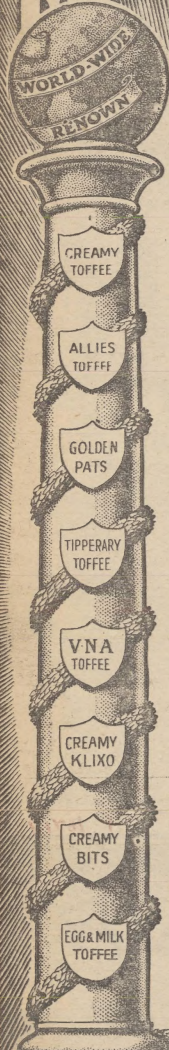
## MAIMED BY HUNS.



Little Denise Cartier, of Paris, who was wounded by a German bomb, presides at a charity bazaar.



# MACKINTOSH'S



**Questions and Answers About Mackintosh's Toffee.**

**Q. Cold weather this?**  
**A.** Yes. Mackintosh weather.

**Q. You mean Overcoat weather, don't you?**  
**A.** No! I mean Mackintosh's Toffee weather, for it is "as good as an Overcoat"—it keeps you warm.


**Q. Keeps one warm? — how?**  
**A.** In the best way possible — from the inside — a well known Naval Doctor said of Mackintosh's Toffee: "It is fuel to the system."

**Q. Just the thing then for the "Tommy" in the trenches, and "Jack" at Sea.**  
**A.** Decidedly so. Scientists have proved that Sugar has a wonderful sustaining effect, and is particularly valuable where hard muscular work has to be done.

**Q. Do our troops like Toffee?**  
**A.** Just try them—send a tin to those at the front, or those in camp, and if you are not overwhelmed with thanks, ask us for your money back.

**Q. I'll send them some for Xmas — I shall be buying a good supply "on behalf of Santa Claus." The children love Mackintosh's Toffee, and I must confess to being a "child of larger growth" myself.**  
**A.** Ah! There are millions like you. Just a word of warning—insist that it is MACKINTOSH'S.

**Say NO! certainly NOT, if a substitute is offered.**



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## ONE OF THE FINEST HUMAN STORIES EVER WRITTEN.

## THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

**VALERIE CRAVEN**, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

**JOHN HILLIER**, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

SYLVIA CRAVEN is trying to complete an exquisite piece of embroidery at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street. She is being mastered by Stanhope Lane, relative of the Mrs. Cunliffe. As he speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrist and draws her towards him steadily. There is a movement behind the half-closed door; a girl's faint cry and a man's half-smothered exclamation. Very quietly Mrs. Cunliffe enters. Mrs. Cunliffe is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy—jealousy of Sylvia's attractions for Lane and of her youth and looks. She rushes to her services, Miss Craven, she says, with tight-drawn lips. And it will be useless for you to refer any future employer to me.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives, of the disaster that has happened.

On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass. You have made me feel better, you have strengthened me, you always do, she says with a little laugh.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India, making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid. She has a deep-down affection for him which she is forced to keep to herself.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George de Clair. The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

Beloved, the world has fallen about my ears, and I sit here to write a last letter to you before the darkness swallows me up for ever.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day-life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blinks and Val.

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"It came out to you, Jack," she cries, "your need never know."

On the verandah of a bungalow in Masalla, in Teasdale, John Hillier is sitting in an attitude of intent listening, as he has been sitting for many days. Suddenly he hears a faint noise. "Who's there?" he demands sharply.

"It is—Valerie," says a girl's voice, almost in a whisper.

Hillier believes it to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two pass, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an anxious letter from Valerie, in which she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier! The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after hearing that she never married Sir George de Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes. But she does not tell Hillier when she meets him.

"I shall tell him in my own time," she threatens Sylvia.

## THE SHADOW DEEPENS.

THERE was only one room at the bungalow at Napur that Sylvia had disliked the moment she set foot in it, and that was the dining-room. It seemed to her as though the spirit of tragedy that was said to brood over the place was concentrated in this particular room.

It was dull, and even in the daytime very dark; the walls, which were hung with sombre

draperies of native design, absorbed the light and gave none back, so that the table, aglitter with glass and silver, under the big hanging lamp seemed almost like a pool of light in a desert of shadow.

She sat at Hillier's right hand. She had perfected herself in the part she had to play, and now her manner was that of a gay, rather audacious young girl towards a brother-in-law who regards her with a more than usually tolerant affection. "So," Valerie said.

She had even dressed herself for the part, Sylvia saw, in a supremely simple white gown, rounded a little at the throat to show the whitest of necks encircled by a childish string of coral beads.

She looked, Sylvia thought, extraordinarily beautiful, but beautiful in a new, rather defiant and hard way. There was a brightness in her dark eyes that filled the girl with foreboding. She had always thought Valerie's deep blue eyes, that were almost black in certain lights, her most charming feature. They filled her with fear now, they had grown so cruel.

What was responsible for the change in this woman who had been so gentle and so tender when they had parted in London so short a time before—as the world counts time? It was not only that she had robbed him of Jack.

Sylvia was certain of that. What was the mystery which lay behind her marriage, so definitely announced, so flatly denied now? More than once she had asked Valerie to explain, but she had brushed the subject aside imperiously.

"You have no right to question me. I tell you my affairs—least of all you."

Hillier was in rather a difficult mood to-night. The coming of his supposed Sylvia had upset him. He vented his ill mood on his wife and paid elaborate attention to the visitor.

"It's delightful having you, Sylvia," he said. "It will do Valerie no end of good. I get on her nerves. You'll see that for yourself."

example, too, I hope. She's appallingly unpunctual. Do you know, I believe this is the first time that dinner has been at its appointed hour since we came up here!

It was just as if he and his normal moods Hillier was the last man to make such a complaint. Sylvia winced under the mocking glance of her sister's eyes.

"Isn't Valerie a good housekeeper, then?" Valerie demanded laughingly.

"Not very, I'm afraid. And it's all the more odd since in England I thought she was a model. It only shows how little the deluded lover knows of the woman he's pining to marry!"

There was nothing but railleury in the words. Already Hillier was ashamed of his momentary petulance, but to Sylvia the sentence was like a stab in the heart.

She sat silent, conscious of Valerie's brilliant, mocking eyes fixed on her face, of the malicious sneer that distorted the beautiful mouth, though her own eyes were fixed on the plate before her while the food that would have choked her lay untouched.

Almost as though Hillier himself was conscious of some tension, he added quickly:—

"Of course, I'm only joking. Housekeeping in the Andamans and housekeeping in India are very different things. As a matter of fact, Valerie has done wonders. She is a woman of wonder, this sister of yours, Sylvia. Was there anyone else on earth who would have come out within a week's delay—to marry a blind beggar?"

"You are positively infuriated, Jack," Valerie said. There was such a bitter inflection in her voice that even Hillier raised his head sharply.

"Don't let the word, Sylvia," he said shortly.

"I'm sorry. It's a very apt one," she replied.

There was an uncomfortable pause. Sylvia did not dare to look up. She sat scrumbling the tasteless bread into little balls.

Suddenly Hillier laughed.

"You've changed, Sylvia," he said. "What's happened? I'm sorry you've grown up so very decidedly. Your mood to-night calls for drastic treatment, you know—hair pulling, no less. Why haven't you got a sweetheart? Or have you? Come, tell us all about it. Confess. Valerie and I were talking about you the other day, and we both agreed that we were one of the women who come into this world half-married."

That's your fate—written in your forehead," as they say out here—marriage."

It is! Valerie's eyes were on Sylvia's face with a glance of bitter hatred. "Well, honestly, Jack, I have never met anyone I felt the least desire to marry, except you—and that's not possible at present. Have you a double knocking around the four corners of the globe? They say all of us have. Valerie and I might be—well, not doubles, exactly, but quite easily mistaken for each other, you know. We're such like one another."

She felt like a contracted and a fierce fear. She felt like a small and trembling animal in the cage of a great snake that presently would move towards it. How long would Valerie give her? Was she going to tell Jack the truth now, or the tale? She would not have been surprised.

"Oh, no; oh, no," Hillier was very decided. "Your voices are somewhat similar, of course. But type—colouring, oh, no. Absolutely different. You must not flatter your young self with these ideas!"

And Valerie laughed a low laugh of triumph, glancing at the trembling figure at the other side of the table.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing very much, Jack... some thoughts of mine. What's the matter with your

wife? She's very dull. Are you always so quiet, Valerie? You've said to sparkle at home. Tell me, Jack—it's delightful, this solitude a deux. But don't you weary of it sometimes? Is there not a neighbour nearer than Bombay?"

Several thousand of us. We've got neighbours even here nearer than I could wish. Henderson's not been over lately, by the way, Valerie. I hope things are going better for him."

"I hope so, too," Sylvia said.

"Who's Henderson?" Valerie asked.

"A distinctly nice fellow, Sylvia. I'd have been pleased to see you with as good a man as a husband. But he's made rather a mess of his life—married a half-caste girl. As pretty as a picture, but he couldn't take her back to England, and they're shut out from society here. The feeling's amazingly strong."

"They have a dear little boy," Sylvia said. "I'm sure that Mr. Henderson has no regrets. He adores his wife. Why should they wish to go back to England?"

"Most people go home sooner or later," Valerie said. "No one remains in exile forever unless they have started for the pitied cupboard—some shameful secret—in the cupboard."

"Well, I have no shameful secret, as you put it," Hillier said slowly. "Yet I shall never go back to England."

"Why?"

"Simply because—isn't the reason pretty obvious? I'm a back number. Valerie, here, is content to put up with me because she loves me. But I don't want to go and look to be pitted and patted—like a blind dog. I know the style—that poor brute Hillier, blind, you know—what an awful thing for his wife. . . . Lord, I can hear them—I can hear them. I had enough out here—it would be unbearable at home."

He broke off abruptly, half ashamed of the outburst, feeling that the women were looking at him with pitying and scornful faces.

"Even as it is, I fear that I have done Valerie irreparable wrong by allowing her to marry me. What's the future to be? India is no place for a woman to live her life out in."

"Jack."

There was something not to be borne in those last words. Sylvia's courage broke. She suddenly covered her face with her hands and broke into tears.

"Valerie, good gracious . . ." Hillier pushed back his chair, but Sylvia put her hand on his and pushed him down gently.

"It's nothing. I'm very sorry, Jack. Forgive me. I'm making such a mess of myself. It's only that I'm tired. The heat."

## A STRANGE PROPHECY.

SHE checked herself with an effort, and began to talk of something else, but her little spurt of conversation died very soon. Hillier was vexed with her that she should have given way in such a manner before his sister.

Jack and Valerie broke a little silence, leaning back on the chairs and resting their chins on their hands. "I want to ask you something—don't be vexed with me. I know you have speaking of your blindness, but, after all, you mentioned the subject first. Tell me, are you actually going to sit quietly here and accept the verdict of some mysterious hybrid, half medico, half cleric, as final?"

Seton is a brilliantly clever medical man, Hillier replied. "He has conceived it his duty to take up work out here, but he could have gone very far in England, very far indeed. He has taken no end of honours."

That may be—as a doctor," Valerie retorted impatiently. "But you ought to consult a reliable oculist. It's your duty—not only to yourself, but to your wife, you know. There's Marazotti, for instance."

Sylvia's breath came unevenly. Still with that feeling of fascinated fear she sat looking at Valerie, who appeared now to entirely ignore

(Continued on page 13.)

## BRANDY TO CURE CATARRH.

Recent experiments have proved conclusively that catarrh is a constitutional disease, and that salves, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise with the disease, and do not effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money has been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic, that would dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The result is given in the following formula, which has been found to produce the most surprising results in an incredibly short time.

First, your patient obtain 1oz. of Parnint (Double Strength), about 2s. 6d. worth. Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and two tablespoonfuls of brandy and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, catarrhal discharges, and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better. (Adv.)

So tasty

**H.P. Sauce**

Gives such a new and delicious flavour to the food.

Just a few drops—that's all—and you will be delighted with the difference H.P. makes to all meat—hot or cold—even bread and cheese—in fact, there is hardly any food which is not enhanced by the one and only H.P. SAUCE.

From 1596 to 1914. HISTORY OF FAMOUS EYE REMEDY.

The story of this wonderful old remedy, Singleton's Eye Ointment, is contained in an illustrated book, "How to Preserve Your Eyesight," which is offered free to all who mention "The Daily Mirror." It is a full of facts, hints and suggestions for all who value their sight, you really must get it. Tells how to cure inflammation, styes, ulcers, falling eyelashes, watery eyes, cold in the eyes, red-eyes after swimming, etc. Tells how to let your eyes, pain, distress or worry you, and run heavy rivers of worse troubles in the future, but go to your chemist at once and get an ancient, precious pot of Singleton's Eye Ointment for free. To obtain the book send to Stephen Greig, 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.

THE LAST THING AT NIGHT.

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD is invaluable. It soothes the nerves, warms the body and promotes refreshing sleep. It is more digestible than cocoa, and will not cause indigestion. It is a most valuable food for the sick, for the aged, for the young, for the infirm, and for the tired.

Doctors Recommend It Everywhere.

**DR. RIDGE'S FOOD**

**XMAS GIFTS.**

Nothing is more acceptable than FURS. They are certain to please.

The BEST VALUE—THE BEST SELECTIONS IN LONDON. WHOLESALE CITY PRICES—WEST-END STYLE & QUALITY.

A postcard will bring New Illustrated Catalogue.

Wholesale stocks of **BLACK FOX, WOLF, SQUIRREL, SKUNK, BEAR, FITCH, etc.**

Stoles and Muffs from **3 gns.** the Set.

Large selections willing to sell on approval.

**THE WHOLESALE FUR CO., 145, CHEAPSIDE (Fleet Street), LONDON, CITY.**



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## Holbrook's Sauce.

"Bravo, B.11! I wonder what the Turks think of Holbrook's sauce," wires a wag to me. I should think they hate it.

## Too Bad.

But what an amazing faculty for saying the wrong thing the German has. Amusing old Field-Marshal von der Goltz, on his way to Constantinople, announces solemnly to the Bulgarians on Friday that the British Fleet is a greatly overrated institution; it is nothing to worry about. "At present we are persuaded it has reasons for avoiding an encounter with your fleet," he added. And just as the simple Turk was beginning to feel nice and comfy the B.11 goes and leaves a visiting card. Too bad, isn't it?

## Commander the Duke of Leeds, R.N.V.R.

That keen yachtsman and fine sportsman, the Duke of Leeds, is now a naval officer, I see; he has been appointed a commander in the Naval Volunteer Reserve. The Duke owns the splendid steam yacht *Corisande*, which is known so well at Cowes, and he has followed the sea, as an amateur, for many years past.



The Duke of Leeds.

## Kent or Yorkshire?

The Duke of Leeds' title is a misleading one. Although he owns considerable property in Yorkshire, he is a Kentish man of Kentish stock, and

many antiquaries maintain that it was Leeds Castle near Maidstone, not Leeds the Yorkshire town, that gave the dukedom its name. I am told that the *Corisande* will follow her sporting owner into the senior service, probably as a hospital ship.

## We Must Be Kind to the Poor Willies.

Now and again among my letters I find one from some fearful milksop who thinks we are not behaving quite nicely to the dear Germans by letting rude Mr. Haseldent draw his horrid pictures of "The Supremes Importances," the "Willies." The milksop brigade is afraid that should some disaster occur we should be ashamed of the fun we have made of the Willies; also that it is very uncultured of us to be nasty to the Kaiser.

## What the "British Weekly" Thinks.

Yesterday I was reading an article about the Archbishop of York in the *British Weekly*. The Archbishop, you will remember, also thinks the newspapers are not kind to William of Potsdam. Now, the *British Weekly* cannot be classed as a jingo paper; it is one of the chief organs of the Free Churches, and this is what it says of the "Willies":—

## The Willies Might Laugh.

"The Archbishop speaks of the 'gross and vulgar abuse which has been heaped upon the Emperor personally.' Where are we to look for specimens? Surely not in *Punch*. . . . Can it be in *The Daily Mirror*, where Mr. Haseldent amuses the breakfast-table with his cartoons of 'Big and Little Willie'? The 'Willies' themselves might enjoy these innocent jokes." But the anæmic "don't-hurt-the-poor-Kaiser's-feelings" brigade thinks differently.

## What the Gentle German Does.

These shivering chicken-hearts really ought to have a glance at the German comic papers just now if they want to see just what gross and vulgar abuse really is. The poor dear Germans whom we mustn't laugh at make fun as they make war—in foul and unspeakable manner.

## "Those Scotch Prisoners."

I can vouch for this, but for the life of me I cannot imagine what peculiar kind of reasoning was going on inside the dear old lady's mind. It was in Hyde Park the other day, and a number of Scots' soldiers were marching by. The dear old lady and her companion stopped to look at them, and the companion said: "Don't you think someone ought to cheer them?" "Oh, dear me, no," said the old lady, "they're not our troops, they're those Scotch prisoners!" I've been wondering ever since what on earth she meant.

## "La Chasse aux Allemands!"

Now that the time has come for every able-bodied Frenchman to show cause why he is not with the colours, the authorities are busy rounding up the few "embusqués," otherwise shirkers. At the "mairie" of the Tenth Arrondissement in Paris the other day a man, twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, presented himself before the examining surgeon-major. "Why are you not at the front?" asked the officer. The "exempted" held up his left hand, with two fingers missing. "Have you got a gun licence?" "Yes." "What's that?" "The 'réformé,' turning very red. "That's all right, then," replied the major, "you can go to the front and shoot Germans!"

## New Uses for "The Daily Mirror."

Miss Margaret Hallam, whom many of us knew in peace times as a clever writer on matters of physical culture—no relation to the Potsdam K. brand—gave up her work some weeks ago to go out to France to nurse our soldiers. Yesterday I had a long letter from her, written in a military hospital in Normandy, and she tells me of the good uses to which she has been putting old copies of *The Daily Mirror*.

## Cured Neuralgia.

"Truly necessity is the mother of invention," she writes. "One of my wards here is a little theatre in times of peace, and the way the wind whistles down from behind the scenes on to the beds is cruel. Nothing stopped it until I hit on the happy idea of lengthening the pitifully short curtain with a row of *Daily Mirrors*. The result was splendid; my wounded slept in peace, and their neuralgia and earache disappeared as if by magic."

## Necessity the Mother of Invention.

"*The Daily Mirror* makes a good chest protector, too; trimmed into shape and slipped under the waistcoat fore and aft it helps to supply the lack of wool. Someone sent me a little old square of Shetland wool; it had been a baby's veil once, I should say, and looked too small to be of use. Wasn't it just of use, though! One of my men was looking very restless because I could not find a muffler for him, and his neck was very cold and stiff, so I gave a demonstration before the whole ward of the uses the little old baby's veil could be put to."

## It Amused Them, Too.

"See, monsieur, all the uses you can put it to, this little old rag. Arrange it like this and you have a cap, fold it so it protects your throat, worn like this it makes a most excellent chest protector, and if you are afraid that the sight of the Germans will injure your beautiful complexion it makes an excellent veil." The ward was uproarious for a minute or two, and my brave chausseur folded the little old baby's veil round his throat. May he live to wear it home again.

## "Angleterre for One."

In a restaurant the other day a Belgian soldier was trying vainly to make a waitress understand what he wished to order for lunch. A diner, sitting opposite, whose French vocabulary was limited apparently to one word, pronounced with an awful accent "Angleterre." The Belgian was a gallant fellow and jerked out, "England—very—great—country." That gave the waitress her cue. To every gesture describing food made by the Belgian she replied, "Yes, I know, Angleterre." Then, calling down the tube to the kitchens, she cried, "Angleterre for one." The cooks translated it correctly and sent up the roast beef of Old England.

## Good Fellowship.

A pleasing example of the good fellowship that exists between our officers and men was told me yesterday. The mother of a private in a line regiment at the front keeps a small and unpretentious flower and vegetable shop in Picnic. The other day there entered this shop a subaltern of the son's regiment who had just come home on a few days' leave. He looked in to announce the glad news, he said, that the soldier son was quite well, and had a few days before been made a corporal.

## Everyone Was Pleased.

The young officer stayed chatting over the news of the regiment and the soldier son for some time, when the flower seller announced that she was about to sit down to her midday meal with her family. Would the officer join them, she asked rather diffidently. "Certainly," he said, and so the party sat down to lunch and carried on the conversation across the table to the mutual satisfaction of all parties.

## O. L.

"O 'ell" is not an expression of disgust with sailors. Jack uses it as a symbol of good news, for O. L. is the international code sign which means "The ship in sight is an enemy."

## Yesterday's Football Communiqué.

Attacks from the trenches and camps less violent, our reinforcements twenty-four. Total number received 290. Distributed 260. In hand, to be sent out to-day, thirty. Unsatisfied applications over 100. To sum up: Although we are opposed to vastly superior numbers, we have made some progress.

## Let's Make It Four Hundred.

The third hundred is all but complete, only ten more balls are wanted. And now for the fourth hundred. The "boys" write such simple and convincing letters asking for a ball "if we have one to spare," and their letters of thanks are so genuine that we must make a big effort to satisfy every one if possible. Let us raise that fourth hundred, you and I; it is worth it.

## "War Emergency Entertainments."

I went to an interesting tea matinee under the direction of Mr. Isidore de Lara at the Carlton Hotel last week in aid of the musical and dramatic professions, and a very good show it was, too. Two features in the programme were the delightful singing by Miss Ethel Levy, who has already given her services for this excellent cause on two previous occasions, and the charming reciting of two little French poems by Miss Asquith, the daughter of the Prime Minister.

## What the Scheme Is.

Lord Islington explained the policy of Mr. de Lara's organisation in a concise speech, and pointed out that this movement had been organised to help those artists who were in distressed circumstances owing to the war. Though many trades and industries are enjoying the boom of trade as a result of the large war orders, the theatrical profession is at a standstill, he said.

## The One Pound Minimum.

Mr. de Lara has organised these concerts, and is doing so day by day, week by week, helping to assist in a large degree many of those who would otherwise be in great difficulties owing to the war. Mr. de Lara organises two or three of these concerts in an afternoon, and by means of a guarantee fund is able to assure a minimum of £1 to each artist, and if the concert is a success this amount sometimes reaches £4.

## Keep Art Alive.

Mr. de Lara has successfully given already nineteen of these concerts, without having had to call upon the fund for a penny. On Friday next a matinee will be held at the Haymarket Theatre, which has been arranged for the express purpose of increasing this guarantee fund. Mr. de Lara wants to make this matinee a huge success, and he wishes to impress upon young artists to continue with their work, to go forward with aspirations for the future. To quote Lord Islington's words: "We must keep Art, English Art, alive, to do which we must help to keep alive our artists."

## A New Humpty.

I often wonder who really enjoys fairy stories and nursery rhymes the more—the child or the grown-up. Among this year's Christmas books I have just read a new version of "Humpty Dumpty" in nonsense rhyme, written by Dorothea Corbould and illustrated by her brother, Walter Corbould, whose drawings you probably know. Humpty in this version is changed back from a broken egg to a fairy prince by the tear of a compassionate princess.



Miss Dorothea Corbould.

## Composed at Night.

Miss Corbould writes these children's books for fun, so she told me once, and this "Complete Tale of Humpty Dumpty" was written as an antidote to insomnia, composed in the dark hours when she could not sleep. At such times, she said, rhymes would run through her active brain, which simply aggravated the sleeplessness, so to make the best of a bad thing she let them into the sense of nonsense, and this book is the result. THE RAMBLER.

# INDIGESTION

## A LIFE-LONG SUFFERER FINDS RELIEF.

Messrs. Savory and Moore continue to receive the most remarkable testimony to the value of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges for Indigestion, etc. Many sufferers, like the writer of the letter below, find that the lozenges are successful even in cases of long-standing, when all other remedies tried have failed to give relief. They are made solely by Savory and Moore, who strongly recommend them for Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Hunger Pain, and all forms of Indigestion. They are pleasant to take and quite harmless.

"Oxford Lodge, Southampton. Oct. 1914. TESTIMONY.—"Miss Sargeant, having used Messrs. Savory and Moore's Absorbent Lozenges, wishes to express her very great appreciation of them. She has found them an extraordinary cure for indigestion, from which she has suffered all her life, and has never before found that any advertised remedies have done her the smallest good."

Boxes 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. of all Chemists.

## A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the Lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. for postage, and mentioning the "Daily Mirror," to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

## W. J. HARRIS & CO., Ltd.

The MASCOT. Complete with Apron 45/-  
Wired on Tyres.  
Carriage Paid. Cante Free.  
No extra whistles.  
All kinds on Easy Terms.  
Catalogue No. 1 Post Free.  
51, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E.  
And Numerous Branches.



What better gift for a particular friend than a dozen sweetly-colored Lissue Handkerchiefs at 4/9? Of gossamer fineness, yet extraordinarily long wearing, and offered in fascinating variety of color-borders, Lissues are the most charming and reliable gift on the market.

Guaranteed Six Lissues free for any Lissue that loses color

Obtainable everywhere. If any difficulty, send name of nearest draper with 5d. for specimen Lissue. Address:

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ONE DOZEN COLORED

# LISSE

## HANDKERCHIEFS

### IN ARTISTIC BOX, 4/9

For the Men, buy the special Gift Boxes of Six

White Pyramid Handkerchiefs at 3/3 a box.

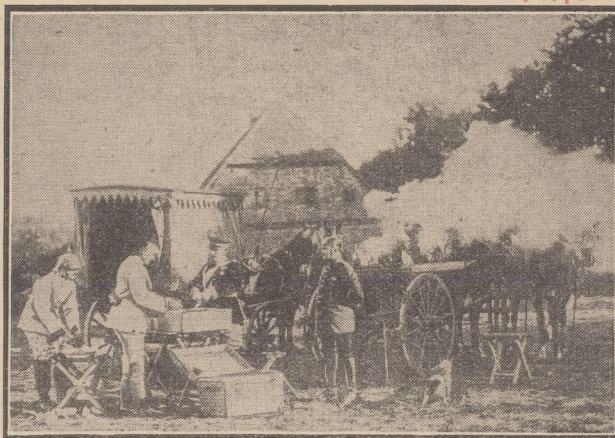
## SAVE MONEY DURING THE WAR

Day and Martin, the British Firm established over 140 years, have brought out the "D. and M. Economic Disc," which hits over the top of the polish and prevents waste by allowing just enough Boot polish to be taken out by the brush. The "Economic Disc" can be used with a 1d. tin of D. and M. Daymar Polish or with a 2d. tin of most other polishes. This is because the D. and M. Daymar 1d. tins are practically the same size as the 2d. tins of almost all other makes, and by using the "Disc" the supply will last at least three times as long. Send 1d. stamp for "Economic Disc" or 2 stamps for Disc and Polish, to Day & Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters-road, Stratford, E.



COOKING THE KAISER'S HASH.

9-11908 X



This photograph shows a meal for the Kaiser in preparation. It was the first taken of the Kaiser's butchers at the front. Several officers are present, watching the military chefs at work.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 11.)

her, as she leaned forward, her brilliant eyes fixed on Hillier's face.

"Marazoff! Yes, Marazoff's famous enough, my dear girl. He has worked miracles—so Seton told me, and asked miraculous fees for them, too. You must not forget, however, that you are speaking to a very poor man."

Valerie sighed.

"But you may not always be poor, Jack."

"For ever and ever, I fear, my dear. Fate has put a very large and definite full-stop at the end of my little sentence of a life."

There was a pause. Valerie's eyes left Hillier's face and, travelling to her sister's, rested there, musing. The stillness seemed to brood about them like a watching, listening presence. Sylvia had a strange feeling of expectancy. What did Valerie mean? She knew her sister too well to doubt that she had mentioned Marazoff's name for some definite purpose.

Far away, in the half-ruined temple on the edge of the road that led down into the plains, came the tinkling sound of a bell. Sylvia listened intently to the sound. It reminded her of the Angelus bells of the far-off little Flemish town where she had lived so many peaceful, innocent days.

Innocent! The word had a bitter meaning for her now, steeped in deception as she was, every act, every word a tacit lie.

"Jack," Valerie's voice broke in on the bitter thoughts, speaking very slowly, "I think you're wrong, you know."

"Possibly; but in what way, to be precise."

"In thinking that you are doomed to be a poor man."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, but I'm afraid my belief remains unaltered."

"I have more than belief," Valerie said. "I'm so—so certain that I'm even prepared to prophesy. Soon—very soon; to-morrow, perhaps, Jack, for all I know—in another week, certainly I prophesy that you will hear news that will tell you that you are not a poor man, but a very, very rich one."

"What do you mean?"

Hillier's tone was a little breathless. He leaned forward eagerly, so eagerly that his face was close—very close—to Valerie's in that moment.

"Shall I tell you, or shall I let you wait for the news?"

"Tell me—tell me at once!" he demanded quickly.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

LIBEL SUIT OVER BAND CONCERTS.

Damages for alleged libel were claimed at Sussex Assizes yesterday from John Bull, Ltd., the publishers and Mr. Bottomley of the Brighton West Pier Company.

The alleged libel was contained in the following paragraphs in John Bull:—

We understand that alien enemies of Great Britain—a party of musicians calling themselves the Hungarian Band—continue to discourse sweet music at the expense of the ratepayers for the delectation of promenaders on the West Pier. The fact that we are now at war with the Austro-Hungarian Empire and there are hundreds of clever British-born musicians on the verge of starvation in England, does it not strike the Brighton Corporation that it is their duty to disperse with the services of these foreigners?

Sir Frederick Low, K.C., for the plaintiffs, said the band had been called the Blue Hungarian Band. The bandmaster was a Dutchman, who was a naturalised British subject. The band originally consisted of three Englishmen, three Russians, one Dutchman, one Rumanian and two Austrians. The Austrians were replaced by two Russians on the outbreak of war. A verdict was given for the defendants with costs.

VERDICT FOR £3,260.

Jury Assess Damages in Miss Vesta Victoria's Claim, but Judgment Is Not Entered.

A story of Mr. Harry Lauder, the noted comedian, caused great laughter in Mr. Justice Bray's court yesterday.

The story was told by a witness during the resumed hearing of the action for alleged breach of contract brought by Miss Vesta Victoria against Moss Empires, Limited. She says she was not allowed to appear at the Stratford Empire because she had not attended rehearsals. The jury returned a verdict in her favour, assessing £3,260 damages. The Judge said he would hear arguments on the jury's findings on Friday.

Mr. George Foster, of Foster's Agency, Limited, said he was a variety agent for over 300 music-hall artists, who included the greatest artist of all, Harry Lauder, who would not appear at a single performance.

Witness then related an incident when he attended a rehearsal with Harry Lauder.

"They went in a taxicab, and the great comedian was 'very sick' because he rehearsed for an hour, and during the whole of that time the taxicab registered twopences."

The Judge asked what was the comedian's figure for a single performance.

Witness replied that Harry Lauder's salary in this country was £600 a week, and in America, where he was now appearing, £1,000 a week.

"A thousand pounds a week, gentlemen," commented the Judge, turning to the jury with a smile.

Miss Violet Essex said she always attended rehearsals, and Mr. George Graves, who was called for the defence, said he never attended rehearsals; he always sent his manager.

MYSTERY OF SOLDIER'S DEATH.

Private Isaac Fifield, of the Hampshire Regiment, has died in Parkhurst military hospital from injuries received while on military police duty at Newport (Isle of Wight).

During a street row it is alleged that he was knocked down and kicked on the head.

Two or three men are detained in connection with the affair.

HOW TO NEUTRALISE DANGEROUS STOMACH ACIDS.

Few people besides physicians realise the importance of keeping the food contents of the stomach free from acid fermentation. Healthy normal digestion cannot take place while the delicate lining of the stomach is being inflamed and distended by acid and wind—the results of fermenting food in the stomach. To secure perfect digestion, fermentation must be stopped or prevented, and the acid neutralised. For this purpose physicians usually recommend getting a little bisaturated magnesia from the chemist and taking half a teaspoonful in a little hot or cold water immediately after eating. They recommend bisaturated magnesia because it is pleasant to take, has no disagreeable after effects, and instantly stops fermentation, neutralises the acid and makes the sour acid food bland, sweet and easily digested.

The regular use of bisaturated magnesia—be sure you get the bisaturated, as other kinds of magnesia are of little value—is an absolute guarantee of healthy, normal digestion, for it overcomes and prevents that acid condition which alone is the cause of trouble.

BISATURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint flavoured or effervescent tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Adv't.)

No Appetite? Take Ficolax

There is nothing like Ficolax to give you an appetite and make you feel alive and vigorous.

Ficolax cleans the whole system—tones up the liver and kidneys and induces a healthy, normal action.

Mrs. Johnston, Sutton, writes: "I like your Ficolax better than any other medicine of the kind I have tried."

Ficolax Cures Constipation

Large Bottles 1/1½, Family size 2/9. Of all Chemists. The Ficolax Co., 30, Graham Street, London, N.

Food enjoyed is Food more nourishing.

CHILDREN do like Gravy, and a little Bisto makes a lot of delicious gravy in "no time" and with no trouble.

Bisto is "Everything but the meat."

All Grocers. Tins 6d., 3d. Packets 1d.

CHEST TROUBLE.

Firm Reliance

May be placed in

CONGREVE'S ELIXIR.

80 YEARS' REPUTATION.

Mr. JAMES GOODWIN, of 207, Barry Road, East Dulwich, writes: "Nearly nine years ago I had Pleurisy and Inflammation. After four months' treatment the mischief in the right lung was still active. Then a friend introduced me at Combe Lodge, and in six months my lung was healed. Since then I have had no serious lung trouble. When I get a cold, I at once resort to the Elixir with excellent results."

G. T. CONGREVE'S book on The Successful Treatment of Consumption, etc., sent for 6d. post free from No. 74, Combe Lodge, Beckham, London, S.E. CONGREVE'S ELIXIR, of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6, and 11/- per bottle.



The best gift for sick friends!

To the sick, the invalided or the wounded, you cannot send a more truly helpful gift than Hall's Wine.

Daily from our wounded and invalided soldiers and sailors comes a steady stream of grateful thanks for the good Hall's Wine has done them—in cases of shattered nerves, sleeplessness, weakness from loss of blood or operations, pain from wounds, deep-seated coughs and colds.

Send Hall's Wine and you do the very best to win your sick friends back to health—what greater kindness can you show than that?

A well-known doctor writes: "It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited."

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE

**GUARANTEE.**—If, after buying a bottle of Hall's Wine and taking half you feel no benefit, return us the half empty bottle in 14 days, and we will refund your outlay.

Large size, 36; smaller, 2/9. Of all Wine Merchants, and Licensed Grocers, etc.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London.

222



Pain in the Back

is often of the most violent character, yet it is surprising how quickly it disappears when Sloan's Liniment is used.

Like a Knife Stab.

Mrs. Withall, Gatwick, Shalford, Godalming, writes:—"I had a pain in my back just like a knife stab, and it left me helpless. I went into hospital from May to November, and was turned out incurable. People used to say it was all over with me. Sloan's Liniment was given to me to ease the pain, and in an hour I was able to do all my own work. Everyone says it is a wonderful cure."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

KILLS PAIN

Not only for Backache Pain, but also for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Sprains, Bruises and pain of every kind, Sloan's Liniment is remarkably effective. A great comfort with Sloan's, too, is that there is no need to rub it in—laid on lightly it penetrates right to the seat of pain and gives ease and comfort at once. Sloan's is invaluable for emergency use—a bottle kept in the house will often save hours of suffering. Get one to-day.

Sold by all chemists, 2/6 and 2/3.

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Road, London.



# WAR STRATEGY IN THE LARDER

When you have to look twice before you spend a penny, you must be careful to see there is no waste in the larder. Odds and ends that used to get thrown away in peace time should be made into a hot hash or stew with a penny packet of Edwards' Desiccated Soup.

"Edwards" is the best medium for making stews, and, besides, it's a complete soup in itself—meat, vegetables, seasoning, everything.

## Some other suggestions:

**Farty Pie.**—This is a favourite dish with our soldiers. In an iron saucepan fry some sliced onion in hot fat. When it is brown, add a packet of Edwards' Desiccated Brown Soup, a little flour, pepper and salt. Stir well for a few minutes, then add some cut-up meat (either raw or cooked). Roll out some suet crust to the size and shape of the saucepan lid. Drop gently on to the top of the meat and gravy. Put lid on pan. Cook slowly for an hour or so. To serve, cut the crust into quarters, and arrange on the top of the meat and gravy, which should be poured out on a very hot dish.

**Suet Pudding, with Gravy.**—Make a suet pudding in the ordinary way, with half the quantity of chopped suet, but a good pinch of salt and enough water to mix to stiff dough. Cook in a greased basin, covered with a floured cloth, for an hour or two. Serve with gravy made by boiling a penny packet of Edwards' Desiccated Brown Soup in about half-a-pint of water. Strain before serving. This is a wholesome, nourishing and cheap dinner, especially suitable for children.

## CUT THIS OUT

The above recipes have been specially prepared by Mrs. B. A. Bennett, L.C.A., author of "Simple Cookery," "Tested Recipes," etc., etc.

EDWARDS' SOUP IS BRITISH.

**PALETHORPES'**  
ROYAL CAMBRIDGE  
Same price as before the War

**SECONDHAND FURNITURE.**  
CARPETS, PIANOS, etc. Modern and Antique.  
STOCK OF WEST END ANTIQUE DEALER.  
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## GUARDING THE INDIAN FLOCKS.



Guarding a flock of Indian goats at the front. These animals were brought over to provide the Indian troops with milk and meat.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### Prince Albert is Nineteen.

Prince Albert, second son of the King and Queen, was nineteen yesterday.

### Generals Going Cheap.

Captured generals are allowed by the Russians £150 a year, says Reuter, staff officers receiving £80 and other officers £60.

### Town Crier's 300 Recruits.

Three hundred men for an active service battalion of men over forty-five have been enrolled in the Merthyr district by Mr. Jeffreys, the town crier of Merthyr.

### Landslide on the Line.

As the result of a landslide yesterday on the Great Eastern Railway at Ramsden Station, between Wickford and Billericay, the trains had to be worked on a single line.

### Apprenticed to a German.

Lewisham Board of Guardians, at their meeting yesterday afternoon, apprenticed a fourteen-year-old boy to a Notting Hill bootmaker who is a German and is registered as an alien enemy.

### German Boys to Fight.

German recruits, who are really schoolboys aged from thirteen and a half to seventeen years, some of them weeping, have passed through Brussels proceeding to Flanders, says a Central News Amsterdam message.

### Plan to Make Nottingham a Port.

A proposal to spend £150,000 on improving the navigation of the Trent and converting Nottingham into a port was negatived by the corporation yesterday, there not being the necessary majority for seeking parliamentary powers.

### EMPEROR WHO IS "A DIRTY THIEF."

"I should say that an Emperor who wants to have somebody else's land is a dirty thief."

So said Lord Halsbury in the course of a discussion on the principle of world empire at a meeting yesterday of the Victoria Institute at the Central Hall, Westminster.

"I wish," he said, "to denounce anyone who thinks himself appointed by God to take possession of somebody else's property."

## SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

The Second Division League match at Bury yesterday, between Bury and Lincoln City, ended in a draw, each side scoring once.

The stewards of the Henley Royal Regatta have decided not to fix a date for the 1915 festival in view of the existing conditions.

The appeal against the decision of the local Stewards, lodged by Mr. H. Facot in connection with the objection to Early Berry for the Thames Hurdle Race at Windsor, has been withdrawn.

## WEPT WHEN OFFICER FELL

"We wept. Yes, we wept—and I say it unashamed."

"Just picture to yourself big, strapping men of the Household Cavalry, each six ft. or more in height, crying like kids while bullets were flying around, and you will begin to understand how deep was our feeling for our loss."

The speaker was a Household Cavalryman and an ex-London policeman, who has returned home from the battlefields around Ypres for a few days' furlough. The officer he referred to was Major Dawday, of the "Blues."

"We were at Zillebeke—about three miles from Ypres—at the time," the cavalryman told *The Daily Mirror*, "and the order was given for 200 of us to storm several farmhouses situated on a ridge, in the hands of the Germans."

Major Dawday, a great favourite with all of us, led the charge, saying: 'Follow me, boys!'

"All the way Major Dawday was in the forefront, and he was the first to reach the farmhouses 300 yards distant. We took two of them. At the third Major Dawday met with his death. 'Good boy!' he shouted to a man who was bowled over the Germans like nincompoops. Then he turned and thrust his revolver through the lower window of the farmhouse building."

"Immediately he was riddled with bullets from within and collapsed."

## LAST NIGHT'S BOXING.

Johnny Summers Loses Welter-Weight Championship at N.S.C.

Sergeant Johnny Bigham (Royal Fusiliers) won the welterweight championship at the National Sporting Club last night, when he knocked out Johnny Summers (Can-ling Town) in the ninth round.

In his contest with Harry Stone at Olympia at the back end of last season Summers showed us that he had left a great deal of his speed in Australia. Last night it was just as obvious, and after the first two rounds Bigham was by far the superior boxer.

But there is one thing Summers has not lost, and that is his pluck. He would not be hurt would have been his own property, but his indomitable courage against a cleverer boxer availed him nothing.

Summers was at a disadvantage in height, reach, weight and age, but during the first two rounds he more than held his own against the younger man.

But in the following rounds Bigham proved his superiority. In fact, during the second round, he came very near to winning outright, for a right swing brought Bigham to the floor for five seconds, and the soldier had to hang on for the rest of the round.

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At the Ring Eddie Elton retired in the seventh of a twenty-rounds contest with Patsy Cokely.

Mr. T. Martin's fine horse, Junior, will not be seen on racetracks again. It is practically settled that he shall be leased to Lord Rosebery for stud purposes for two seasons.

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*"Daily Mirror," 14/12/14.*



# The Willies Play at Santa Claus Very Badly Indeed: Cartoon

HOW Japan Celebrated the Capture of Tsingtau from Germany : : : Pictures.

## The Daily Mirror

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PARIS Starts New Fashion for Women with Military Hats : : : Pictures.

### HE DIVED TO CONQUER: LIEUT.-COMMANDER HOLBROOK'S GREAT FEAT.

Q-10839 A

P-15865



Turkish sailors ready for war on board the battleship Messudiye, which was torpedoed by the British submarine B11 in the Dardanelles.

Q-1129

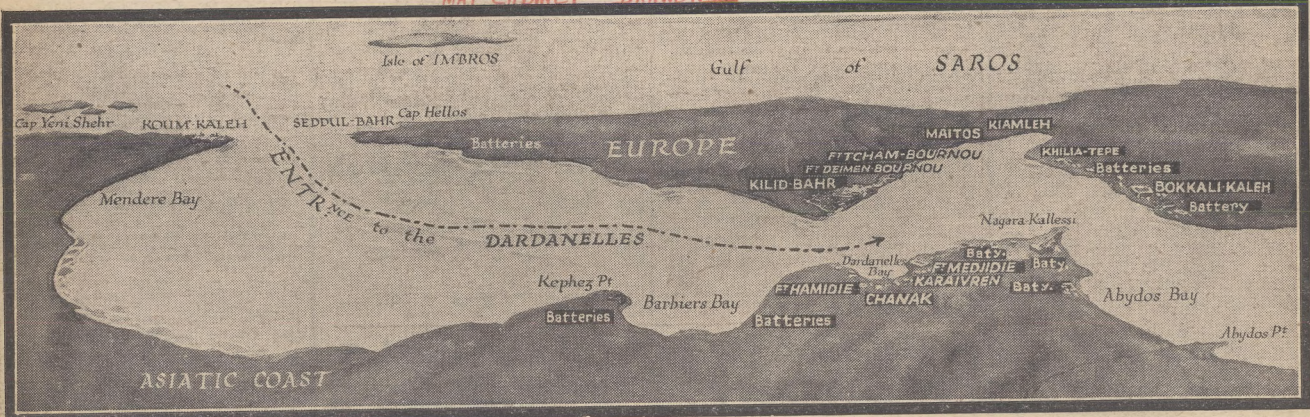


A view of the Dardanelles in times of peace.

MAP CABINET

Lieut.-Commander Norman D. Holbrook, who brought off the heroic feat in the B11.

DRAWER VII



A sketch plan of the Dardanelles, showing the Turkish batteries, which the B11 dared, as well as the field of mines.

The brilliant exploit of Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook in the B11 submarine is bound to exercise a profound moral effect upon the German as well as the Turkish Navy. If the Turkish ships are not safe from our submarines in the Dardanelles, protected by mines and batteries, the authorities at Kiel may well quake.

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